The Most Famous

HISTORY

OF THE

Learned Fryer Bacon;

SHEWING

His Parentage and Birth. How he came to be a Scholar and to study Art-Magick; with the many wonderful Things he did in his Life-time, to the Amazement of the whole World; in making a *Brazen Head*, to have Walled all *England* with Brass: With his Penitent Death,

ALSO,

The Merry Waggeries of his Man *MILES*: And the Exploits of *VANDERMASTER*, a *German*, and *Fryer BUNGY*, an *English* Conjurer. With the manner of their woful Deaths, as a Warning to others.

Being all very profitable and pleasant to the Reader.

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Of the Learned
Fryer Bacon, &c.

CHAP. I.

Fryer Bacon's *Parentage and Birth; by what Means, contrary to the Mind of his Father, he became so great a Scholar. How the King sent for him from* Oxford, *to shew him his Art; and in what wonderful manner he pleased his Five Senses: And the Comical Pranks he play'd with a Courtier sent to fetch him.*

THE Famous Fryer *Bacon*, whose Name has spread thro' the whole World, was born in *Lancashire*, his Father's Name was *Ralph Bacon*, and his Name *Roger*: From his Infancy he was observed to have a profound pregnant Wit; and as he grew up, a great Reader of Books, and desirous of Learning, which, to Admiration, he took so fast, that his School-Master could teach him no farther; and being about to send him Home with Commendations to his Father, he fearing the worst, humbly besought him, he would prevail, if possibly, with his Father, that he might be sent to the University, where he had a great desire to go to learn the Liberal Sciences.

His School-Master denied him not his Request; and coming home, with him, took the old Man aside, and told him he had learned his Son as far as he was able, and that he took it extream well, and was desirous to improve it at the University, and he was verily perswaded by the Promptness he perceived in him, if he would be at a little Charge with him there, he would be so great a Proficient as would advance him to an eminent Station.

The old Man heard this with some Indignation, but conceal'd his Anger till the School-Master was gone, and then taking his Son to task, said, How now, Sirrah! Have not I been at cost enough with you already, but you are itching to put me to more? Methinks I have given you such Learning as to enable you, in time, to be a Constable or Church-warden of the Parish, and far out-do those in Office that can neither Read nor Write, let that then suffice, as for the

reſt, your Buſineſs, for the future, is to learn Horſe-Language, and to Whiſtle well, that you may be dextrous at at driving Plough and Cart, managing Sheep and Oxen; for, Sirrah, continued he, have I any Body elſe to leave my Farm to, but you? And yet you take upon you Fo ſooth to be a Scholard, and conſequently a Gentleman; (for they all profeſs themſelves ſo, tho' never ſo beggarly, living Lazily, eating up the Fat of other Mens Labours.) Marry gaup! Goodman Two ſhoocs, your Great Grandfather, your Grandfather, and I, have thought it no ſcorn to dig and delve, and pray what are you better than us? Here Sirrah, take this Whip and go with me to Plough, or I ſhall ſo lace your fine Scholardſhip, that you had better this had never been mentioned to me.

Young *Bacon* was much diſpleaſed, and highly grieved, but durſt not, reply, as knowing his Father a very haſty cholerick old Man; however: this ſort of living ſo little agreed with his ſprightly Genius, that in a little Time he gave him the ſlip, and going to a Monaſtry, making his Deſires known to the Superiour, he kindly entertain'd him, and made him a Brother of the Society of *Auguſtine* Fryers; there he profited ſo much, that in a few Years he was ſent to *Oxford*, to ſtudy at their Charge, where he ſoon grew ſo great a Proficient, that his Fame ſpread not only in the Univerſity, but alſo over *England*, and came to the Ears of King *Edward* the Third, who then reigned, and he taking a Progreſs with his Queen, and Nobles, was deſirous to ſee him, and have an Experiment of his Art: So being at a Nobleman's-Houſe, within four Miles of that City, he ſent a Gentleman of his Bed-Chamber, to deſire him to come to him: the Knight delay'd not the Meſſage, and finding him at his Study, did his Errand: The Fryer told him he would wait on his Maſter, and bid him make great haſt, or he ſhould be there before him: At this he laughed, being well mounted, ſaying, Scholars and Travellers might lie by Authority. Well, ſaid Fryer *Bacon*, to convince you, I will not only be there before you, ride as faſt as you can, but I will there ſhew you the Cook-maid you lay with laſt, tho' now ſhe is buſy about dreſſing the Dinner at Sir *William Belton's*, a Hundred Miles diſtant from this Place. Well, ſaid the Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, I doubt not but one will prove as true as the other; and ſo mounting, rode laughing away, and thinking to be at the King's Quarters in a ſhort ſpace, ſpurred his Horſe violently, but ſuddenly a Miſt aroſe, that he knew not which way to ride, and miſſing the Way, turning down a Bye lane, rode over Hedge and Ditch, backward and forward, till the Charm was diſſolved.

When

When the Fryer came in the King's Presence, he did him Obeisance, and was kindly welcomed by him; then said the King, Worthy *Bacon*, having heard much of your Fame, the Cause of my sending for you, was to be a Spectator of some fine Curiosities in your Art. The Fryer humbly excused at first; but the King pressing it, promising on his Royal Word, that no harm should come to him, he bid them all keep silence, and waving his Magick Wand, there presently, to their great Amazement, ensued the most melodious Musick they had ever heard in their Lives, which continued very ravishing about half an Hour; then waving his Wand, another kind of Musick was heard, and presently Dancers in Antick Shapes at a Masquerade, entred the Room, and having danced incomparably well, they vanish'd: Then the Third Time, waving his Wand again, louder Musick was heard, and whilst that play'd, a Table was placed by an invisible Hand, and richly covered with all the Dainties that could be thought on; then he bid the King and Queen draw their Seats near, and partake of the Provisions he had provided for their Highnesses; which they did, and all thereupon vanished: The fourth Time he waved, and thereupon the Place was perfumed with all the Sweets of *Arabia*, or that the whole World could yield; Then waving it the fifth Time, came in *Russians*, *Persians*, *Polanders*, with the finest soft Furrs, Silks, and Down of rare Fowl that are found in the Universe, which he bid them feel, and then the Strangers dancing after their own Country Fashion, vanished.

In this sort Fryer *Bacon* pleased their Five Senses to their Admiration, and high Satisfaction, so that the King proffered him Money, but he refused, saying he could not take it, however the King pressed on him a Jewel of great Value, commanding him to wear it as a Mark of his Favour: Whilst this was doing, the Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber came in puffing and blowing all bemired and dirty, his Face and Hands scratched with Bushes and Bryers. The King, at his Sighs demanded why he staid so long, and how he came in that Condition. O plague, said he, take Fryer *Bacon* and all his Devils, they have led me a fine Dance, to the endangering my Neck, but here the Dog is, and I'll be revenged on him: whereupon he laid his Hand on his Sword, but *Bacon* waving his Wand, charmed it in his Scabbard that he could not draw it, saying, I fear not your Anger, it is best for you to be quiet, lest a worse thing befal you: Then he told the King how he had given him the Lye, when he told him he would be there before him. Whilest he was thus speaking, in came the Cook-wench, brought by a Spirit at the Window, with a Spit and a roasted

Shoulder

Shoulder of Mutton on it; being thus surprized, as she was just taking it up, and wishfully staring about her, and espying the Gentleman, cried, O my sweet Knight, are you here? Pray, Sir, remember you Promise, to provide Linen and other Necessaries for me, our stolen Pleasures has swelled, and I have but two Months to reckon; and hereupon she made towards him, to embrace him, but he turning aside, she was carried out at another Window to her Master's House again. This caused Amazement and Laughter, though the Gentleman was much asham'd and confounded, to be thus exposed, still muttering Revenge: But Fryer *Bacon* told him, his best Way was to put up all, since he had verified both his Promises, and bid him have a Care how he gave a Scholar the Lye again.

The King and Queen highly pleased with their Entertainment, highly commending his Art, and promising him their Favour and Protection, took their leave of the Fryer, returning to *London*, and he to his Study at *Brazen-Nose* Colledge.

CHAP. II.

How Fryer Bacon *put a Comical Trick upon his Man* Miles, *who, pretending Abstinence on the Fasting-Days, conceal'd Victuals in his Pocket to eat in a Corner. How he saved a Gentleman who had given himself to the Devil for Money, and put a Trick on the old Deceiver of Mankind.*

FRyer *Bacon* kept a Man to wait on him, who, tho' but a simple Fellow, yet a merry Droll, and full of Waggaries; his Name was *Miles*, and tho' his Master and those of the Order often fasted on set Days, *Miles* loved his Guts too well to pinch them, and tho' outwardly he seem'd to fast for Compliance, he always kept a private Reserve to eat in a Corner, which *Bacon* knew by his Art, and resolv'd to put a Trick upon him: It so happen'd on *Good Friday* in *Lent*, a strict Fast was held, and *Miles* seem'd very devout to keep it: For when his Master bid him, however, take a bit of Bread, and a sip of Wine, early in the Morning, to keep him from fainting, he refused it, saying, He was a great Sinner, and therefore ought to do more than this for his Mortification, and to gain Absolution, making a great many Pretences of Sanctity, and how well inclined he was to keep the Holy Fast. It's well, said the Fryer, if I catch you not tripping. Hereupon *Miles* went to his Cell, pretending to pray, but indeed to eat a large Pudding he had concealed, which he had no sooner put into his Mouth at one end, but it stuck fast there; he could neither

neither eat it, nor get it out; the use of his Hands failed, and was taken with a shivering all over; so that thinking he should have died presently, he cry'd piteously out for help: Whereupon Fryer *Bacon* calling the Scholars together, went in to see what was the Matter, and perceiving him in that plight, said, smilingly, Now I see what a Penitent Servant I have, who was so Conscientious, he would not touch a bit of Bread, but would willingly have devoured two Pounds of Pudding to have broken his Fast. *Miles* piteously intreated him to dissolve the Charm, and deliver him, and he would never do so any more: Nay, said the Fryer, you shall do Pennance for this e'er I part from you, and as you like it, so proceed again; so taking hold of the end of the Pudding that hung down, he led him out to the Scholars, saying, See here's a queasie stomach'd Fellow that would not touch a bit of Bread to Day. When they saw him in that plight, they all fell heartily a Laughing; but Fryer *Bacon* not so contented, led him to the Colledge-Gate, and by Inchantment, fixing the end of the Pudding to the Bar, he was as firmly tied by it, as if it had been a Cable-rope, and on his Back he placed these Lines:

This is Fryer Bacon's *Man who vow'd to Fast,*
But for Dissembling, thus is took at last;
The Pudding more Religion had than he,
Though he would eat, it will not down you see:
Then of Hypocrisie pray all beware,
Left like Disgrace be each Dissembler's Share.

Miles all ths while was jeared and sported with by the Scholars and Towns People; but after four Hours Pennance, his Master dissolved the Charm, and released him, and he ever after kept the Fasts, not so much out of Religion, as fear that a worser Trick should be put upon him.

When Fryer *Bacon* flourished at *Oxford*, a young Gentleman by his Prodigality having run out his Estate, and much into Debt, grew exceeding Pensive and Melancholy, purposing to make himself away to end his Miseries, and the Scorns that were put upon him by his former Companions, and being utterly cast off by his Friends, so walking by a Wood-side, full of Sorrow, he met as he thought, an old Man in good Cloathing, who saluted him, and demanded the Cause of his Melancholy, and why he walked so solitary. At first he refused to tell him, as thinking he would do him no good; but he urging it, and promising to assist him, if he wanted any thing; he said, I am in Want; I want fine Cloaths as I used to have; I want Money to buy Food, pay Debts, redeem my mortgaged Land, and many things more;

more; Can you help me to enough to do it? I can, said the old Man on one Condition. What's that? said the Gentleman, if it be any thing tolerable, I shall not refuse it; for I cannot be well worse, or in more hardship than I am. Why, said the other, the matter is not much; you shall only oblige yourself when I have furnished you with Money to do all that you have named, and you have paid every one you owe a Farthing to, to become obedient to me, and be disposed of at my Pleasure. Now the young Man taking him for a Usurer, and very rich, supposed this Obligation was only a fetch to marry his Daughter, or some Kinswoman of his, which he could be well contented to take, not doubting to have a good Portion, and scrupled not to yield to his Desire. Upon this, he bid him meet him the next Morning about the same time, where he would have the Writing ready, and upon signing, he should have the Money; so they parted, and the Gentleman delayed not to be there, without asking Advice, and was punctually met: But when he saw the Writing in Blood, he began to start a little; but the old Man, as he supposed him to be, told him it was only a Whim of his own to have it so written, to distinguish it from other Mens, and put his Debtors more in mind to repay him the Money he lent them. Upon this Speech, and the Gentleman's seeing store of Gold and Silver brought by three or four whom he supposed his Servants, believed it: But how, said he, shall I write with the same? O, said he, let me see, I'll prick your right Vein; which he did, whilst the Gentleman found an unusual trembling, and inward remorse in his Mind: when, however, taking the bloody Pen in his Hand, he desperately subscribed, and sealed the Writing. Then telling the Money into a Cloak-bag, he laid it on his Horse, and they with much Ceremony, took leave of each other. The Gentleman laughed in his Sleeve, to think how he would find him out, seeing he had not asked, nor himself told him, where he lived.

Soon after he summoned his Creditors, paid them to a Farthing, redeem'd his Land, went Gallant, and recover'd his Esteem in the World: but as he was looking over his Writings in his Closet one Evening, he heard somebody rap at the Door, when opening it, he saw the Party he had borrowed the Money of, with the Writing in his Hand, and asking what he would have, he told him, he was now come to demand him, and he must go with him, for to his knowledge he had paid his Debts, and done whatever else was agreed to. The Gentleman wondring how he should come to know this so soon, denied it: Nay, replied he fiercely, deny it not, for I will not be cheated of my Bargain; and thereupon changing into a horrible Shape, struck him

him almost dead with fear, for now he perceived it was the Devil; that he told him, if he met him not in the same Place he lent him the Money, on the Morrow, he would the next Day come and tear him to pieces; and, says he, if I prove not what I say, you shall be quiet: and so vanish'd out at the Window in a Flash or Flame, with horrible Bellowings. The Gentleman seeing himself in this Case, began bitterly to weep, and wish'd he had rather been contented in his poor Condition, than have taken such a desperate way to enrich himself, and was almost at his Wits end. When Fryer *Bacon*, knowing by his Art what had passed, came to comfort him, and having heard the whole Story, bid him not despair, but pray, and repent of his Sins, and he would contrive to shew the Devil a Trick that should release him from his Obligation. This greatly comforted the Gentleman, and he promised to do whatever he would order him. *Then*, says he, *meet at the time set, and I will be near, offer to put the Decision of the Controversie to the next that comes by, and that shall be my self, and I will find a way Infallibly to give it on your Side:* Accordingly he met, and the Devil consented to put it to Arbitration; then Fryer *Bacon* appearing, *Lo!* said the Gentleman, *here is a proper Judge, this learned Fryar shall determine it, and if it goes against me, you have free liberty to do with me as you please: Content*, said the Devil. Then both of them told him their Story, and the Writings was produced, with all the Acquittances he had taken, for the Devil, contrary to his Knowledge, had stoln them, and the other Writings belonging to his Estate, out of his Closet: The Fryer well weighing the Matter, asked the Gentleman whether he had paid the Devil the Money he had borrow'd of him. *No*, replied he, *not One Farthing: Why then*, said he, *Mr. Devil, his Debts are not Discharged, you are the Principal Creditor, and according to this Writing, you can lay no Claim to him, till every Farthing of his Debts are discharged. How! how!* replied the Devil, *am I outwitted then? O Fryer, thou art a crafty Knave*, and thereupon he vanished in Flame, raising a mighty Tempest of Thunder, Lightning, and Rain, so that they were wet through, before they could get to shelter: then *Bacon* charg'd him he should never pay the Devil a Farthing of his Debt, whatever Shape he came in, or Artifice he used to wheedle him out of it, and then he could have no Power over him. The Gentleman upon this, living a temperate frugal Life, grew very rich, and leaving no Children, at his Death, bequeath'd his Estate to *Brazen Nose* College, because Fryer *Bacon* a Member of it, had deliver'd him from so great a Danger of Body and Soul.

CHAP. III.

How Fryer Bacon *framed a Brazen Head, which by Enchantment was to speak, and by that Means all* England *had been walled with Brass, if the Folly of his Man* Miles, *who was set to watch the Head, had not disappointed it not timely calling his Master to answer it; and for which he was struck Dumb many Days.*

FRyar *Bacon* being now a profound Proficient in the Art of Magick, and many other Sciences, contrived, with one Fryer *Bungy*, who was his Pupil, to do something Memorable for the Good of his Country, and many Things they cast in their Mind, at last they remembred that *England* had been often harrassed and invaded by the *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, *Normans*, and other Nations, at sundry times, to the great Effusion of Blood, and often Alteration of the Constitution of Governments, and if any thing might be contrived to prevent the like for the Future, they by it should raise a lasting Monument to their Names.

Bacon upon this, concluded to frame a Head of Brass, and if by their Art they could cause it to speak and answer their Demands, they would require that all the Seagirt Shores of *England* and *Wales* should be walled with Brass, and Brazen Towers be raised on the Frontiers of *Scotland*, to hinder the Incursions and Rovings of the hardy *Scots*. They laboured to do this by Art, but could not; and so they conjured up a Spirit to enquire of the Infernal Council, whether it might be done, or not. The Spirit however was unwilling to answer, till *Bacon* threatned with his Charms to bind him in Chains in the Red-Sea, or to a burning Rock, and make him the sport of wrecking Whirlwinds. Terrified by this Means, he said, of himself, he could not give them a positive Answer, but must enquire of his Lord *Lucifer*. They hereupon granted him two Days for an Answer, and accordingly he return'd this, *viz.*

If they for Two Months would carefully watch the Head, it should in that time speak; but the certain time should not be known to them, and then if they heard it, and made their Demands, what they desired should be answered. At this they much rejoyced, and watched by turns very carefully for six Weeks, and no Voice was uttered; at length tired out, and broken for want of their Natural Rest, they concluded some other might watch as well as they, till they refresh'd themselves with Repose, and call them when the Head began to speak, which would be time enough; and because this was a Secret,

they

they did not care for having it known, till they see what they could make of it. *Bacon* propoſed his Man *Miles*, and *Bungy* approv'd it; ſo they called him, and told him the Nature of the Brazen Head, and what was intended by it, giving him a ſtrict Charge, on his Life, as ſoon as ever he heard it ſpeak, to awake them. *For that*, ſaid he, *Maſter, let me alone, and I'll warrant you I ſhall do your Buſineſs for you effectually, never fear it.* So he got him a long Sword by his Side to guard him, and a Tabor and Pipe to play, and keep him waking if any Drouſineſs ſhould overtake him.

The Charge being given him, and he thus accoutred, the two Fryers went to reſt in the next Apartment, within Call. *Miles* upon this, began to Pipe and Sing merry Songs of his Sweet-hearts and Frolicks he had had, *viz.*

1.

BEſſy that is ſo frollick and gay,
Like a Cat ſhe loves with her Tail to play;
Though ſometimes ſhe pout and frown,
All's well if you'll lay her down,

2.

She'll never ſay nay, but ſport and play:
O Beſſy to me is the Queen of the May;
For Margery *ſhe is peeviſh and proud:*
Come Fidlers then, and ſcrape the Crowd.

Whilſt his Merriment paſt, after a hoarſe Noiſe, like Thunder almoſt ſpent, the Head ſpoke diſtinctly theſe two Words, *viz.* Time is. *O ho!* ſays *Miles*, *is this all the News you tell me? Well, Copper-Noſe, has my Maſter taken all this Pains about you, and you can ſpeak no wiſer? Doſt thou think that I am ſuch a Fool to break his ſweet Slumber for this? No, ſpeak wiſer; or he ſhall ſleep on.* Time is, quotha! *Why, I know* Time is, *and that you ſhall hear Goodman Kettle-Jaws.*

1.

Time is for ſome to gain;
Time is for ſome to loſe;
Time is for ſome to hang,
But then they cannot chuſe.

2.

Time is to go a Score;
Time is when one ſhou'd Pay:
Time is to Reckon too:
But few care for that Day.

3.

Time is to graft the Horn
upon another's Head:
Time is to make Maids Bellies swell,
Oh then 'tis time they're wed.

Hear'st thou this, Goodman *Copper-Nose?* We Scholars know when *Time is* without thy babling; we know when time is to drink good Sack, eat well, and kiss our Hostesses, to run on the Score; but when time is to pay 'em, indeed that time with us comes but seldom. Whilst he thus merrily discoursed, about half an hour after, the same Noise began as before, and the Head said, *Time was.* Well, said *Miles*, this blockish Head is the foolishest Thing that ever my wise Master troubled himself about. How would he have laughed had he been here to hear it prate so simply? Therefore, thou brazen'd fac'd Ass, speak wiser, or I shall ne'er trouble my Head to 'wake him; *Time was*, quotha? Thou Ass thou, I know that, and to you shall hear, for I find my Master has watch'd and tutor'd thee to a fine Purpose.

1.

Time was when thou a Kettle
was wont to hold good Matter;
But Fryer Bacon *did thee spoil*
when he thy Sides did batter.

2.

Time was when Conscience dwell'd
with Men of each Vocation;
Time was when Lawyers did not thrive
so well by Mens Vexation.

3.

Time was when Charity
was not deny'd a Being;
Time was when Office kept no Knaves,
that time was worth the seeing.

4.

Time was when Wives did know no Bed,
but what their Husbands lay in:
Time was when they at home did keep,
and not abroad be playing.

Ay, ay, and Time was for many other Things: But what of that, Goodman Brazen-Face? *Well, I see my Master has placed me here upon a very foolish Account, I think I had as good go to sleep too, as to stay watching to no Purpose.* Whilst he thus scoffed and taunted, the Head it spoke the third Time, and said, *Time is past*; and so with a horrible Noise, fell down and broke in pieces. Whereupon ensued lamentable Shrieks and Cries, Flashes of Fire, and Rattling as of Thunder, which awaking the two Fryers, they came running in, in great Disorder, found *Miles* rowling on the Floor in a stinking Pickle, almost dead with Fear, and the Head lie shatter'd in a thousand Pieces about the Room. Then having brought him to his Senses again, they demanded how this came. *Nay, the Devil knows better than I; for I believe he was in this plaguy Head, for when it fell, it gave a Bounce like a Cannon. And Wretch that thou art!* says *Bacon*, *trifle not with my Impatience: Did you hear it speak, Varlet? Answer to that.*

Why truly, said *Miles*, *it did speak: but very simply, in consideration you have been so long a tutoring of it. I protest, I could have learned a Jackdaw to have spoke better in two Days. It said*, Time is. *Oh Villain!* says *Bacon*, *Hadst thou called me then, all* England *had been Walled with Brass to my Immortal Fame.* Then, continued *Miles*, about half an Hour after, it said, *Time was. O Wretch! How my Anger burns against thee; hadst thou but called me then, it might have done what I desired. Then*, said he, *it said*, Time's past; *and so fell down with the horrible Noise that has waked you, and made me, I'm sure, befoul my Breeches, and therefore since here is such ado about* Time, *I think it's Time for me to retire and clean my self. Well, Villain!* says *Bacon*, *thou hast lost all our Cost and Pains by thy foolish Negligence. Why*, said *Miles*, *I thought it would not have stopped when it begun, but would have gone on and told me some pleasant Story, or have commanded me to have called you, and I would, have done it; but I see the Devil is a cunning Sophister, all Hell would not allow him Tinkers and Brass enough to do this Work, and therefore he has put this Trick upon us to get off from his Promise. How Slave!* said *Bacon*, *are you at Buffoonry now you have done me this great Injury? Sirrah, because you think the Head spoke not enough to induce you to call us, you shall speak less for two Months space, and with that by Inchantment, he struck him Dumb, to the End of that time, and would have done worse, had not* Bungy *had Compassion on the Fellow's Simplicity, and perswaded him from it.*

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

How the King of England *Warring in* France, *laid Siege to a ſtrong Town, and deſpaired of taking it, till he ſent for* Fryer Bacon, *by whoſe Stratagem it was won. How the French Embaſſador came into* England, *and brought one* Vaudermaſter, *a German Conjurer with him. How he contended with* Bacon, *but was overcome by him, and his own Spirit he raiſed compelled by* Bacon *to carry him into* Germany.

THe King of *England* warring with *France*, and beſieging a ſtrong Town, was manfully reſiſted by the *French*; ſo that after a long Battery, and many Cruel Aſſaults, loſing a great number of his beſt Men, he began to deſpair of taking it, yet thought it a Shame, after ſo much Expence, to draw off from before it. When muſing on this Matter, the famous Arts *Fryer Bacon* uſed came into his Mind, and admiring his Wit and Learning, he concluded he might invent ſome Stratagem to facilitate the Surrender; and thereupon diſpatched a Purſivant at Arms with Letters, requiring him ſpeedily to come to his Camp, for he had Matters of great Importance, to conſult with him about, that he did not think fit to commit to Paper and Ink, leſt his Letters might be intercepted.

Bacon having read the King's Letter, obey'd the Summons, and arriv'd, by his Art, at the Camp long before the Meſſenger returned; for putting a Charm into his Fryer's upper Veſtment, he ſpread it on the Ground by a Wood-ſide, out of the ſight of any Spies, and placing himſelf on it, it roſe with him, and carried him as he directed, ſo that in a few Hours he was ſet down within a Mile of the beſieged Town; then diſſolving the Charm, he put on his Gown, and went to wait on the King, who received him very joyfully, and ſo they fell to conſult how the Town might be taken.

Bacon ſoon found out Means to facilitate it: for having ordered a Mount to be made at ſome diſtance to overlook the Walls, he could from thence diſcern almoſt every thing that was done in the Town. Whereupon deſiring the King to get all things in a readineſs for a vigorous Aſſault, when he ſhould wave a Flag, he fell to work, and with Burning-Glaſſes fired the Town-Houſe, and moſt of the beſt Buildings, which put the People into ſuch a Conſternation, concluding there was Treachery amongſt themſelves; that whilſt they left the Walls to quench the Fire, *Bacon* ſeeing the Advantage from the Mount, waved his Flag as a Signal. The Aſſailants fell on with Scaling-

Scaling-Ladders and other Engines, and poſſeſſing the Gates, opened them to their Companions, ſo that the whole Army entred the City, and ſoon became Maſters of it. But at *Bacon's* interceſſion, the King gave ſtrict Command, that Religious Men, Women, and Children, ſhould not be injured, nor any other not found in Arms. The taking this Town made the *French* King ſue for Peace; and that concluded, the King, with *Bacon*, and his Army unleſs thoſe left in Garriſon, returned into *England* in Triumph, where the Fryer for his Service was much Eſteemed, Honoured and Rewarded.

Whilſt the King was ſettling Affairs at home, the *French* King ſent a ſplendid Ambaſſador after him, to keep up a good Correſpondency between the two Crowns: And the Ambaſſador having heard of *Bacon's* Fame, brought with him one *Vandermaſter* a German, skilled in Magick, as he boaſted himſelf, above all Men of his Age. This Man he preferred to the King, to ſhew him ſome Tryals of his Art, extolling him above the Skies. The Queen hearing this, perſwaded the King to ſend for *Bacon* privately, which he did, ſo that he was introduced into the Room where the German was to exerciſe his Art; but in ſuch a Diſguiſe, that but few could know him. The King deſiring to ſee *Pompey* the Great. *Vandermaſter* raiſed him in Roman Arms, ſo that he ſtalked Majeſtically about the Room, as if he dared any one to the Combate; when *Bacon* ſecretly raiſed the Ghoſt of *Julius Cæſar*, Armed at all Points in lie manner; at which Sight, *Pompey* look'd pale: However, they fought deſperately, till *Pompey* being put to the worſt, vaniſhed, and after him, *Cæſar*. Then *Vandermaſter* complain'd to the King, that there was ſome Man of Art in the Place, that endeavoured to hinder him, and therefore deſired his Majeſty, that he would command him to appear, for he challenged him openly to try his Art with him: Upon which, the King call'd amongſt the Croud for Fryer *Bacon*, who immediately preſented himſelf; and the other ſaid, Now will I do a Thing that thou canſt not anſwer. Said *Bacon*, I have one Inferiour to me, ſhall do any thing in Art with thee, and till he has try'd, I will not meddle. This was agreed to, and Fryer *Bungy*, whom *Bacon* had brought with him, being the youngeſt, was to begin firſt; ſo practiſing his Charms, he raiſed the Heſperian Tree with Golden Apples, and at the Foot of it a waking Dragon to guard it. Now, ſays *Bungy*, Let me ſee who dares venture to gather this Fruit? I ſhall raiſe up one, ſaid *Vandermaſter*, to do it: Then up came the Ghoſt of *Hercules*, clad in his Lyon's Skin, with his Club on his Shoulder, being of mighty Sta-

ture; and *Bacon* perceiving it would be done to the Disgrace of his Companion, if he prevented it not, made a stronger Charm about the Circle; whereupon *Hercules* advancing towards the Tree, stopped, and was fearful of going farther. *Vandermaster* seeing this, urged him to go on, and do his Commands, or he would torment him, but with a hideous Cry he declared he could not, for great *Bacon* with his more powerful Charms obstructed his way. Now whilst the German was fretting, fuming, raging and stamping, at the Spirit's backwardness. *Bacon* said, *Well, I see he will not do you Kindness for your own sake, but for mine he shall.* Then waving his Wand he commanded the Spirit to take up *Vandermaster*, and carry him to *Germany*, when immediately it hurried out of the Door, and hoisted him into the Air, crying to *Bacon* to recal the Spirit. The *French* Ambassador seemed displeased at this, saying, *He would not have it for half his Estate. Monsieur*, says *Bacon*, *he shall receive no hurt, I have only sent him into* Germany *to see his Wife and Children, and when you please I will fetch him back again.* The Ambassador stood amazed at this, when the King merrily said, *Now Sir, you plainly see my Englishman has out done your German, of whom you boasted so much:* Mean while the Dinner was placed, and they sate down to a sumptuous Entertainment, where *Bacon* was honoured with a Place at the Table, and both the King and the Ambassador highly commending his Arts, made him liberal Presents at his Departure, of rich things, for Money he took none.

CHAP. V.

How Fryer Bacon *determined a difficult Matter by his Prudence, and saved much Bloodshed among three Brethren that contended for their Father's Estate, How he served three Thieves that had robbed him, and the Pastime his Man* Miles *had with them. How* Vandermaster *in revenge of his Disgrace, sent a* Pagan *Soldier to kill* Bacon, *and how he converted him to the Christian Religion.*

UPon the King's Return to *England*, there happened a strange Contest between three Brethren, the Sons of a deceased Gentleman, about the Possession of an Estate; and the Will was left so intricate, that all the learned Lawyers of the Kingdom could not decide it; for it run, That he who loved him best, should have his Estate. Now they all pretended to do this, and every one laid claim

to

to the Eſtate, not conſenting to divide it. The King was alſo at a loſs to determine it, ſeeing them obſtinate not to part it amongſt them; and therefore, as it was uſual in doubtful Caſes, in thoſe Days, he allowed them the Combate; the two elder were firſt to enter the Liſt, and the Conqueror of thoſe two to take up the younger. *Bacon* being then near the King, and pitying ſuch hopeful young Gentlemen ſhould blindly, as it were, ſhed one another's Blood, he deſired his Majeſty, that the Cauſe might be referred to him, and he would decide it without Bloodſhed.

The King immediately conſented to this, and order'd the Combatants to be brought before him, *Bacon* was then by the King order'd to hear and determine the Matter, who hearing their Allegations, and the Will read, cauſe each to prepare a Bow and Arrow, and the dead Body being taken up and ſet againſt a Poſt, he order'd them to ſhoot at it, and he that ſix'd his Arrow in his Heart, or neareſt it, ſhould be Maſter of the Eſtate. The eldeſt ſhot and came very near; the next ſhot, but came not ſo near, which made the eldeſt very much rejoyce, and the other ſorrowful: when the youngeſt came to his turn to ſhoot, he threw down his Bow and Arrows, fell on his Knees, with up-lifted hands, deſir'd God to put it from his heart to be ſo barbarous to his dead Father, as to injure his Corps, as his wicked Brothers had done: and thereupon a flood of Tears guſh'd from his Eyes. *Bacon* ſeeing this, raiſed him in his Arms, and ſaid, Young Man be of good Chear, now I plainly perceive who loved the Deceaſed beſt. The Inheritance I decree to thee, and long may'ſt thou proſper and flouriſh for this Piety towards the Deceaſed. For this he was highly commended of all People, and received, though the two Brethren that found themſelves diſappointed in putting the Matter to his Award, went grumbling away, and curſed him in their Hearts.

And now it ſo happened that ſome Thieves who had lurked about Fryer *Bacon*'s Houſe, hearing what Favour he was in with the King, concluded he muſt be Rich: and therefore one Evening ſeeing a Light in his Study late, they ſoftly rapt at the outward Door of his Apartment. *Miles* being wake'd by the Noiſe, made no ſcruple to let them in: but they no ſooner entred, but he found himſelf ſeized by them, and roughly handled, one clapping a Dagger to his Breaſt, and ſwearing, if he cry'd out, he would ſtab him, and ſo in great Fright carried him up with them to his Maſter's Study, to ask him to open the Door, which in the Fright he was in he did. The Fryer ſeeing him and the reſt, was a little ſtartled; however, he recollected himſelf,

himſelf, and demanded of the Thieves what boldneſs brought them thither at ſuch a time of Night, and what they would have? Says one of them reſolutely, We want Money, and that we will have. Nay, ſays *Bacon*, I am but ſlenderly now provided, you had better to have taken another time for it. They upon this ſwore, if he did not deliver them Money preſently they would kill him, all pointing their Daggers at his Breaſt. Well, ſays he, Life is ſweet, and ſeeing there is no Remedy, but you will have it, here is Money for you, ſo he put each of them a Bag of Money into his Hand, with which they ſeemed to be contented. This done, he ſlipped an Inchanted Pipe into *Miles*'s Hand, and wiſh'd him to play Sallengers Rounds, ſaying, Gentlemen, now you have Money to make you merry, pray for Joy of your good Luck, hear a Leſſon of my Man's Muſick. Upon this, *Miles* began to play, and they to Dance, ſwinging and beating the Bags of Money about each others Heads, not being able to let them drop, becauſe they were Enchanted to their Hand, bruiſing and battering one anothers Faces at a ſtrange rate: Then *Miles* by his Maſter's Order, went out at the Door, and they followed him Dancing, as before, ſo that he led them through Quagmires, Bogs and Briars, till they cry'd out to him to pity them, and leave off Piping, and they would give him all the Money again; but he regarded it not, as knowing he ſhould have it without their *Conſents*, and what elſe they had to boot, leading them ſtill on, until they were almoſt dead, with Wearineſs, Wet, Mire, and loſs of Blood, by ſcratching in the Buſhes; and when at any time he left off, they fell down in a profound Sleep, but his Pipe ſoon raiſed them, and to Dancing they went again. At laſt, himſelf tired, he left off, and they fell into a profound Sleep, when he not only took from them his Maſter's Money, but rifled them of all they had unjuſtly got elſewhere, which he put in his own Pocket, to make merry with his Hoſteſs: and gave them this farewel Song.

1.

You Rogues that honeſt Men would ſpoil,
ſee what you get thereby;
I now have you within my toil,
but yet you ſhall not die.

2.

Live to Repent, you Villains all,
well ſerv'd to your Deſerts,
May to all Knaves the like befall,
that rob true honeſt Hearts.

3. *But,*

3.

But, oh! your Drabs when they do find
you with an empty Purſe,
Will think you not your Buſineſs mind;
then, oh! how they will curſe.

Miles hereupon left them in a miſerable pickle, and return'd to his Maſter, delivering him his Money, who heartily wiſhed it were in all honeſt Mens Power to ſerve Knaves at the ſame rate.

You heard how *Vandermaſter* was ſent by *Bacon* into *Germany*: this made him meditate Revenge, and not knowing how other ways to compaſs it, he ſent a deſperate Villain, who had been nurſed up to Blood and Slaughter in the Wars, to kill him. The Fryer by his Art found ſome Miſchief threatned him, and therefore grew careful of himſelf, and leſt it ſhould ſurprize him ſleeping, he held a braſs Ball in his hand over a braſs Baſon, which when he ſlept, dropt, and waked him with the ſound of its falling, and did ſo juſt as the Soldier had got an Opportunity to enter his Chamber, and was drawing his Sword to kill him by ſurprize. At this *Bacon* ſtartling, and ſeeing the Man look fierce and grim upon him, with the waving of his Wand, ſtruck his Arm lame, ſo that he could not uſe his Sword: then he ask'd of him what he deſign'd, or who ſent him. All the whole matter he hereupon confeſſed, and that he was to have fifty Crowns more than what he had receiv'd in Hand, when he had kill'd him. Why, ſays *Bacon*, haſt thou no Religion or Conſcience, that thou canſt be hir'd to do Murder? Religion or Conſcience, ſays he, are things I am not acquainted withal, I am a Villain and Murderer, for Hire is my Trade, and it makes me wonder what makes me ſo tardy in killing thee, after I've murder'd ſo many without remorſe. As he ſpake this, he endeavour'd to ſtrike him with his Sword, but could not; then ſaid *Bacon*, Have you not heard of Hell? No, ſays he; or if I have, I only take it for a Bugbear ſet up by you Prieſts, to fright en Children and old Women. Well, ſaid he, then I will ſhew you for a terrible Example; and thereupon he conjur'd up the Ghoſt of *Julius Cæſar* the Apoſtate, in a burning Chair, torn with fiery Whips and hot Pincers, by many Fiends who lamentably crying out, confeſs'd he had to gratify his Deſires on Earth, in being made an Emperor, renounced Chriſt, and the Joys of Heaven, for which he was thus deſervedly tormented in Hell, and ſo vaniſh'd. This dreadful ſight ſtruck ſuch Remorſe on the Ruffian's awaken'd Conſcience, that he fell at *Bacon*'s feet, begg'd his Pardon, and deſir'd him for all Love to inſtruct him in the Chriſtian Religion, that

he might not come to the like Torments, which he promiſed to do, and perform'd; ſo that this wicked Wretch having a true ſight of his Sins, became Penitent, and going to the Wars in the Holy Land to fight the Chriſtian Cauſe againſt the Infidels, was there Slain.

CHAP. IV.

How Fryer Bacon *put a Trick upon an old miſerable Uſurer for* 100 l. *How* Miles *conjured for Meat; and the Comical Trick he play'd with his Landlady and her Gallant. How he after Conjured in earneſt for Money: and how the Devil cauſed him to leap from the Houſe-top, and break his Leg: With other Matters.*

FRyer *Bacon* hearing of a miſerable griping old Uſurer, that lived in *Oxford*, who was ſo far from relieving the Poor, that he would not allow himſelf Neceſſaries, therefore reſolved to put a Trick upon him; ſo filling a Pot with Cockle-ſhels, he ſo inchanted it, that it appear'd to all the Beholders to be Gold; then going with it to this cloſe-fiſted Fellow, he told him, That digging in his Garden he had found a Treaſure, as he ſuppoſed, for he thought it Gold, and deſired his Judgment in it. The old Miſer, who verily believ'd it to be ſo, diſſembled; ſaying, he believ'd they were only Medals of the *Roman* Shield, faſhion'd into Coin gilded; however they might be of ſome value: Well, ſaid *Bacon*, you know better than I, what will you give me for them? How many Pieces are there? ſaid the Uſurer: Why, ſaid the other, a Thouſand: Then ſaid the Uſurer, I will give you a Hundred Pounds; I may oblige ſome Court Favourites, by making Preſents with them, otherwiſe they are of little value. Well, ſaid *Bacon*, you know beſt the value, and how to diſpoſe of them, give me as you pleaſe. The Uſurer immediately fetch'd the Hundred Pounds, and hugging himſelf for Joy, concluded he had got Nine hundred Pounds by the Bargain. *Bacon* received it, and liberally diſtributed it to the poor Scholars, bidding them pray for the Soul of old *Scrapegood*, for ſo the Uſurer was call'd, for it was his Bounty. They wonder'd and were overjoy'd, failing not where ever they met him kindly to ſalute him, pray for him, and commended his Charity; which made him more admire, becauſe before, no Body had ever ſpoke well of him: But the Matter was not long unridling, for the Charm being diſſolved, he going to view his Gold, found it Cockle-ſhells; whereupon ready to hang himſelf for being ſo impoſed on, away he runs to *Bacon*, threatning him with the Law, and calling

him

him a thousand Rogues; but he only laugh'd at him, saying, Since himself had not the Heart to distribute Charity, he had done it for him, as he might perceive by the Civility of the poor Scholars towards him. Upon this, he flung away in a great Rage, vowing Revenge.

It happen'd one time, *Miles*, *Fryer Bacon*'s Man, had been to visit some of his Companions a great way from the City, and staying tippling, was belated, so that he could reach that Night but half-way Home, and so went to a House where his Master was very well acquainted with the good Man, to beg a Lodging, but he was gone Abroad, and not to come Home that Night; the good Woman scrupled it, saying her Chastity and Reputation would suffer, if in her Husband's Absence a Man was entertain'd in the House; but *Miles* begged so heartily, that agreeing to be locked into his Chamber, she consented, but offer'd him neither Meat nor Drink: He had not been long there before he heard a soft rapping at the Door, which being open'd, in came a Neighbour, and brought with him a roasted Capon, white Loaves, and a Bottle of Sack. The Cloth hereupon was spread, and as a Prologue or Grace, he fell stoutly to kissing the good Woman, telling her in her Husband's Absence, he was come to lie with her all Night, lest Hobgoblins should affright her. Hereupon she gave him a Kiss, and said he was kindly Welcome; but just as they were going to fall to, there was a loud rapping at the Door. O! says the Woman, this is my Husband's Knock, creep under the Bed quickly, then she whelmed the Meat under a Tub, and planted the Bottle behind the Chest, and so open'd the Door. The good Man of the House coming in, said, He had forgot the Money he was to have carried with him, which made him return before half his Journey was ended; but he must be gone early in the Morning. Then said he, I am very hungry, what have you got, Wife? Truly, said she, nothing; you know I provide not for myself, and I little expected you to Night. Upon this, *Miles*, who had seen all through a Crevice, said, Goodman *Delver* let me out, and I'll help you to a Supper, by my Art. The good Man knowing his Voice, and being told on what Occasion he came thither, commended his Wife for her Care, and let him out. Then *Miles* pretended to conjure, uttering many cramp Words; then says he, My invisible Spirit presents you with a Capon, and White Loaves, from the King of *Tripoly*'s Table. Ay, but where is it? says the good Man. He has, says *Miles*, placed it under that Tub, which removed, the Capon and Loaves appear'd. Now, says *Miles*, some good Liquor will do well with this; his next Errant shall be to the *Canaries*, for a Bottle of

Sack

Sack; and in a little time he bid the good Man look behind the Chest, and out he drew the Bottle, and so they sate down to eat merrily: But the good Woman's Stomach was so full, for Anger, she could not eat a bit, pretending Sickness, and for fear *Miles*, after all this Waggery should discover all.

After they had eaten, the good Man desired to see this catering Spirit in a visible Shape; which *Miles* promised to do in the Shape of one of his Neighbours, not to terrifie him; but he must open the Door to give him Passage, lest he carried away a Side of the House, and cudgel him soundly, least he haunted it afterward. Then he pretended to conjure again, whispering to the Fellow under the Bed, to make his Escape; for now was his time, if he intended to save his Bacon. The Man hereupon in much affrightment crawled out, and tho' he hasted as fast as he could to escape, receiv'd divers severe Rubs on the Shoulders, and so rubbed off, disappointed of his Supper, and of the Enjoyment of his Mistress. Well, says the good Man, he is gone, many Devils go with him; but if you had not certified me that he was a Spirit, I should really have taken him for my Neighbour Cutbeard the Barber, he is in all Parts so exactly like him. O, Sir, says *Miles*, be satisfy'd, for a Spirit can take the Shape of any one he pleases. So having supped, they went to Bed, and next Morning took a friendly Leave of each other.

Miles came Home, and all his Money spent in Rambling, finding by chance his Master's Study Door open, got his Book, and to the top of the House he went with it, and there would needs conjure for Money. After he had read a few Charms, the Devil came in a frightful Shape, and demanded what he would have; but *Miles*, affrighted, made no Answer. The Devil hereupon began to spit Fire in his Face, which made him run about the Leads like a mad Man, and the Devil bellowing after; when *Miles* perceiving he was just at his Arse, the Fright caused him to leap from the top of the House; in which fall he broke his Leg and roar'd out horribly; so that *Bacon* coming to see what the Matter was, there he perceived the Devil on the top of the House, throwing down Fire at him, but he immediately conjur'd him away; and upon *Miles*'s Promise never more to meddle with any of his Books, he sent for a Surgeon who healed his Leg.

CHAP. VII.

How Fryer Bacon *helped a Gentleman to his Sweetheart at the Point to be married to another. How* Vandermaster *challenged* Bungy *to Conjure*

jure with him; the Wonders they performed, and how the Devil deſtroyed them both. How two young Men ſlew each other upon ſeeing Bacon's *Magick Glaſs, for which he broke it, burns his Books, and ſoon after died a great Penitent.*

A Gentleman in *Oxfordſhire* being greatly enamour'd of a young Gentlewoman, after long Courtſhip got her Good-will, with the Conſent of her Father. But whilſt every thing was preparing for the Marriage, a rich Knight, who had a Mind to the young Lady, prevail'd with the covetous Father to break off the Match and marry her to him. The young Gentleman was much griev'd at this, and ſo was the Lady, for ſhe had now ſettled her Affections entirely on him, and was much averſe to the Knight's Courtſhip; whereupon he conſulted *Fryer Bungy* how to get her, promiſing him a great Sum if he accompliſh'd it. Why, ſays he, do but get her and her Father to ride with you abroad in a Coach, and which way ſoever they direct, or deſign to go, I will ſo Enchant the Coachman and Horſes, that they ſhall directly paſs to ſuch an old Chapel, where I will be ready to marry you.

This the Knight reſolv'd to put in Practice, and it accordingly proceeded ſo far, that they did come to the Chapel, found the Fryer there, and the Marriage was propoſed; whereupon the young Lady, ſeeing herſelf betray'd into a Snare, with piteous Cries calling on the Name of her true Love, fell into a Swoon. Whilſt theſe things paſs'd, the Gentleman had been at her Father's to look for her, and hearing with whom ſhe was gone abroad, fearing the worſt, haſted to *Fryer Bacon*, and implored him by his Art to let him know the Truth of what had happen'd, that if he had loſt her he might loſe his Life alſo, for he would not live without her. Then in his Magick Glaſs he ſhew'd all that paſs'd; he ſaw them forcing her to marry againſt her Will, which cut him to the Heart; but *Bacon* comforted him, ſaying, he would hinder it, and he ſhould have her notwithſtanding. Then lifting on his Enchanted Gown, they riſe, and came to the Chapel as they were joining Hands: *Bacon* immediately ſtruck *Bungy* dumb, and caſt ſuch a Miſt in the Chapel, that they could not ſee each other; then *Bacon* led out the Bride and married her to the Gentleman at the Chapel Door, to their unſpeakable Joy; after which, he convey'd them many Miles diſtant, ſo that they bedded, and lived many Months together before they were found out by the Father and Knight; and upon *Bacon*'s Interceſſion, a Reconcilement was made, ſo that they enjoy'd many happy Days.

After

After this, *Vandermaster* the German Conjurer came over into *England*, and not daring to venture on *Bacon*, he thought to be reveng'd on *Bungy*; so he privately challeng'd him into a Wood, to Conjure, thinking to make his Spirit to destroy him. They made their Circles, and *Vandermaster* raised a Dragon, which running round *Bungy*'s Circle, threw so much Fire on him, that he almost roasted him. *Bungy* raised a Sea Monster, that with spouting Floods almost drowned *Vandermaster*: and to destroy the Dragon, raised up the Spirit of St. *George*, while *Vandermaster* raised up that of *Perseus*, to destroy the Sea Monster; and so they vanish'd. Then *Vandermaster* raised up *Hector*, and *Bungy*, *Achilles*, who trained their *Greeks* and *Trojans* to the Battle, and fought so desperately, that the whole Element seem'd on Fire; Thunder and Lightning, and such prodigious Storms ensued, that the People, for many Miles distant, concluded the World was at an End; and the Spirits growing too strong for these Conjurers and their Charms, broke into their Circles, and tore them in a thousand Pieces, scattering their Limbs about the Fields; and so ended they their miserable Lives.

Whilst this sad Accident happen'd, *Fryer Bacon* was shewing two young Gentlemen what a State their Fathers were in, in his Magick Glass, tho' they were at a vast distance from them, and it unluckily happen'd at that time the two Fathers being at Bowls, quarrelled about the Game, and fell to fighting, and one getting the other down and offering to strike, one of the young Men said it was not fair Play, the other said it was, and so (tho' good Friends before) espoused the Quarrel with the same Heat, as if they had been present, and drawing their Daggers, stabbed each other, so that they fell down dead, e'er the Fryer could prevent it; which grieved him extreamly, and caused him to break his Magick Glass, the rarest in the World, made by the help of long Study and exquisite Art, and soon after hearing of the miserable Ends of *Vandermaster* and *Bungy*, he called the Scholars together, declaring he had a long time practised Magick, burnt his Books before them, to hinder others from doing it, shut himself up in a Cell, where he lived two Years lamenting for his Sins, and dug the Grave he was Buried in with his own Nails, advising the Scholars to study Holy Things, and not mind the Vanity of the World: at two Years end he died a true Penitent, having in his Life-time gained great Fame throughout the World. For your farther Satisfaction, we refer you to the History more at Large.

FINIS.